

A

PETITION

TO THE

Right Hon. Mr. Peckham,

In FAVOUR of

Mr. *MACLEAN*.

By a LADY.

By Mr Bentley K



L O N D O N:

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POSITION

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A

P E T I T I O N

TO THE

Right Hon. Mr. ———,

In FAVOUR of

Mr. *M A C L E A N*.



Ever Statesman melted at Distress,
Nor chose to make it More instead of Less;
If they retain a Sense of human Things,
And deign to look on Mortals down from
Kings,
Lift! lift! oh *Pelham* whom Three Realms obey, 5
To the sad Purport of my weeping Lay.

Ah! how I dread, least crowding on some Hour,
That twists, confus'd, th' intricate Web of Pow'r,
Hiding those slender Threads that lead us, still
Letting the Puppets think they act at Will: 10
Or if, unhappily, on one I press
More serious, how to keep One's Self in Place:
Nay, I might fear, though this should meet your Eyes,
When only Monarchs linger for Replies;

A 2

Yet

(Yet they, perhaps, would wait when Ladies write, 15
 For Foreigners, they say, are all polite,
 And, strange Effect of breathing diff'rent Air!
 Reward the Brave, and reverence the Fair)
 You should to ^{Rolands} ~~Rolands~~ send my unread Griefs, *Secretary to his Grace*
 (Deputies are more difficult than Chiefs) 20
 Perhaps he'd see, with Joy, my *Maclean's* Fall,
 Such Little People envy one so Tall.

No, may this find thee when thy Soul's unbent,
 And laughs to think, how easy's Government;
 When frugal *Esher* lends her still Retreat, 25
 Or verdant *Greenwich* her pacific Seat,
 Or thy pleas'd Eye athwart the *Green Park* rolls,
 Peeping thro' *Lady Catherine's* Pigeon-Holes:
 Gently dissolv'd, in Unconcern the same
 As when to *Derby* the Banditti came; 30
 Yet still I run one Risque, what can be worse?
 You'll think it Begging, 'cause it is in Verse.

Too sure we beg, for Life we beg, 'tis true;
 If we had robb'd enough, we need not sue;
 We own our Guilt, with Tears Contrition-sent, 35
 Oh! let it hurt us not, that we repent!

What can we else! happy, who Law defies,
 In compleat Armour of past Services;
 Him Teas and Brandies, run at *Lew's*, shall shield,
 And stain'd *Ferrara* on *Culloden* Field. 40
 True, he robb'd *Walpole*, and gave unmeant Fire,
 The Patriot-Pistol took him for his Sire,
 Say he design'd it, had the Ball took place,
 And slain one Victim of devoted Race,

'Tis

'Tis not so long since this had met Applause 45
 From Virtue, and the Friends to Virtue's Cause.
 Tho' Doctrine's fall before the Scythe of Time,
 Shall his believing what they taught, be Crime?
 We dug no Favours in his Father's Mine,
 His lib'ral Hand, to us, was clos'd as thine. 50
 Un-plac'd, un-pension'd, as in Bribes unshar'd,
 What Gratitude to rob the Son debarr'd?
 But had he given us Riches, Rank, and Name,
 And we'd attack'd his Life, and robb'd his Fame,
 You'd punish in one Culprit! with what Face? 55
 What's the sole Merit of some Men in Place?

Eglinton We spoil'd the *Scot*, and would not hide the Deed:
 Th' Attempt was great! 'twas glorious to succeed!
 'Twas Conquest, and not Robbery! A Crime
 No needless Law says punish, in our Time; 60
 But make us thankful, that no Soul was harm'd.
 Oh! never more let gentle *Lords* go arm'd.
 Our great Mishap is private Theft too long,
 The Publick's not so sensible of Wrong.
 Capricious Mistress! on the first she pours 65
 Her Vengeance, and Rewards on t'other show'rs;
 Brav'ry on *Hounslow* with a Gibbet pays,
 While look'd-on Sea-fights to new Honours raise.

Would Tyrant Custom but so far recede,
 That for *Maclean* we might in Person plead, 70
 A hundred Hoops thy Levee-Room should crowd;
 Nay, shudder not, indeed we'd not be loud.
 We've other Eloquence, than stuns the Bar
 With dreadful Din of counterfeited War.
 Could you but see the Face our Sorrow wears, 75
 In silent Energy of Female Tears,
 The Prevalence of Beauty you should own,
 Nor Lady *Catharine* knit one jealous Frown.

Let selfish Man jostle for Power and Place,
 Barter his Vote, turn Patriot, lie, caress;
 Sincerer Woman has a nobler End,
 Unknown to Levees,—'tis to serve a Friend! 80

Oh! happy *France*, where Women interfere,
 And claim in Government their legal Share ;
 Controul the Minister, advise, debate, 85
 Ride on the Council, and direct the State.
 There Beauty often pacifies the Law,
 And tears a Fav'rite from its Iron Jaw ;
 There the stern Judge remits the forfeit Life,
 T' a handsome Cousin, or a lovely Wife. 90
 But *English*, Men of Business, know us ill,
 Think Pudding th' utmost Efforts of our Skill ;
 Us, but Companions for the trifling Vein,
 And form'd to Satisfy, not Entertain.

Yet, what we may ^{*Belham*} to Thee I write, 95
 And almost dry my Tears, and blame my Fright.
 Reflecting, in Politeness you, as well
 As in your Politics, the *French* excell ;
 And Heav'n-born Mercy can't from him be far,
 Who seal'd with Peace the Lyon-mouth of War. 100

That Hand, by which this prostrate Island rose
 From her sunk Fame tremendous to her Foes,
 Will not be slow to raise the suppliant Fair,
 Saving *Macleane* proves the whole Sex thy Care ;
 So may to Power *Granville* have no Pretence, 105
 But, weak Supporters! Knowledge, Parts, and Sense ;
 So, could thy Judgment in our Steerage err,
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Declaration de l'Adeure.

JE, ayant n'aquieres propensè, ne donner au Publique l'ouvrage qu'en-
 suin, qu'avec le Commentaire du moult Reverend & Vertueux Monsieur,
 Monsieur Guerreburton, accomparè aux plus preux, qu'onques ne furent,
 en toute Litterature proufictable: Mais icelluy n'estant tout pret, & je
 craignant, que pendant que je cherche a gorgiaser mes travaux d'un
 coustè, ne m'arrivat quelque mal-en-suivre, d'un autre si l'Heros du
 Poeme fut accoustrè d'un licol, & occis avant leur Publication, ai changè
 du propous, en tant on l'Edition presente; aimant mieux la donnèr tout
 halle brenè en mon lourdwys: Octroyant & Baillant, neant moins au
 facond, Monsieur, déjà nommé, permission pleniere sur tout l'Ovrage si
 tot, qu'il aura fini son doit commentaire, d'ajouster, on de tollir de mes
 rythmes tant qu'il trouvera a propous, memement d' y changer les Noms
 propres par tout, & les Louanges en Viliaines.

Je l'Adeure.

F I N I S.

Hand

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